Control

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by hartfeathers

Summary

Whenever he is aroused he produces copious, almost ridiculous, amounts of pre-ejaculate fluid - more than once he has ruined underwear, trousers and bed sheets alike.

So tight control over his arousal, and his resulting erections, is essential and something he mastered long ago. That is, until he met Will Graham.

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Prompt - Free Space

Notes

Hannibal Bingo Fill: Prompt - Free Space

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This fic was purely inspired by Bryan telling us that Hannibal has very active Cowper's glands.
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Ever since he was young Hannibal has prided himself on his discipline, controlling himself and training his body gave him a sense of stability - control over his desires, actions and of his body. Mastering his body and its functions, being able to control how it did, or more importantly did not, react to stimulus was essential to building his poised and aristocratic persona. It also helped that he could control his instinctive reaction to overt scents that assaulted his sensitive sense of smell.

It became all the more important when, in his later teen years, he discovered that he has a particularly active Bulbourethral gland, more commonly known as the Cowper's glands. Whenever he is aroused he produces copious, almost ridiculous, amounts of pre-ejaculate fluid - more than once he has ruined underwear, trousers and bed sheets alike.

So tight control over his arousal, and his resulting erections, is essential and something he mastered long ago. That is, until he met Will Graham.

Hannibal crosses his legs as soon as he sits down, as has become habit during his sessions with Will. He can't help the way his gaze is drawn to Will's spread legs, unintentionally calling Hannibal's attention to his thick thighs and the bulge in his trousers.

Hannibal shifts his hips minutely as he begins to feel arousal pool in his loins, the fluttering heat of lust simmering in his blood. He licks his lips, his mouth feeling suddenly dry, as he listens to Will talk of his dreams - visions of blood, violence and death dealt by his own hands. The cadence of Will's voice and his dark words serenade him, wrapping around his mind like a heady fog making it hard to think past his own desire.

Will suddenly rises and begins walking around the room, Hannibal swallows harshly around the lump in his throat and tenses his thighs. He cannot help but appreciate how Will's slacks accentuate his ass, pulling tight across his plush cheeks and all Hannibal can think about is touching him, teasing him, burying his face there and eating Will out until he's a sobbing mess.

Hannibal can feel how hard his cock has become, pressing insistently against the tight, soft convinces of his silk underwear, the material already becoming sticky with precum. He clenches his jaw tightly as he watches Will trail his long fingers over his desk and chair, those beautiful hands caressing his belongings in ways Hannibal wishes Will would touch him. He imagines those fingers wandering over his skin, wrapping around his cock, thrusting inside him as Will stretches him for his cock.

Hannibal shifts, uncrossing and recrossing his legs quickly, inwardly cringing as his now wet underwear pulls uncomfortably at the movement, inwardly cursing his body's betrayal. He places his hands in his lap, careful to avoid touching his achingly hard cock but concealing it. He breathes steadily - measured, even breaths in an attempt to calm himself and hide his flustered state from Will.

Their hour seems to stretch longer and longer each time, it is delicious torture, being able to spend this time with Will but being hard and aroused the entire time. As he shows Will out

just after 8:30pm he has to hold his notebook in front of himself to hide the very obvious bulge of his cock.

He sighs and leans against the door for a moment, once he hears Will's car engine thrum, signifying his departure, he quickly walks to his desk and sits in his chair. He wastes no time in undoing his trousers, a noticeable dark patch staining the material, and pulling down his soaked underwear just enough to wrap a hand around his dripping cock. He groans in relief at finally being able to touch himself, he breathes deeply so the lingering scent of Will and his atrocious aftershave floods his senses. He snarls as he hurtles towards orgasm, once again imagining Will's calloused fingers touching him, fantasising Will's voice in his ear over the slick sound of his own hand stroking his cock.

"Will." he calls out as he crashes into orgasm, cum spilling over his fingers and clothing. He leans back in his chair as he pants and revels in the waves of pleasure washing over him.

He looks down at his garments and clicks his tongue, yet another pair of underwear ruined beyond saving. His suit will luckily survive, he has a very capable and discreet dry cleaner. But this is becoming a problem, he has thrown away each pair of underwear he has worn for each of his sessions with Will and while he can afford the expense it's a shame to waste such fine silk. He will have to come up with an alternative solution.

Hannibal watches Will move into the room and finds himself, for once, grateful for his fleeting and skittish glances, it means he is much less likely to notice the lines disrupting the cut of his trousers, betraying the undergarment beneath.

He settles into his chair as Will does the same across from him, he shifts in his seat, still not used to the material beneath his trousers. As soft and comfortable the thick cotton boxers may be, he begrudgingly admits to himself, he much prefers the sensation of cool, sensual silk against his skin. Unfortunately, the cotton underwear has become somewhat of a necessity.

He crosses his legs as, he has begun to begrudgingly accept, his cock begins to fill when Will starts talking, beads of precum already wetting his tip before he's even half erect. He tries to focus on Will's words rather than his own arousal and quickly hardening cock, willing the return of his usual control though he knows it's futile.

Will's words take a turn from the usual, instead of dreams of blood he begins telling Hannibal about dreams of sweat and sex and sin. Of touching and being touched, of the longing he feels for such passion, of how he wakes hard and aroused. He expresses how unusual sexual dreams are for him, that they have awakened his carnal desires in ways he hasn't experienced in years, that he finds himself craving sexual intimacy.

Hannibal pants lightly with yearning and lust, with the clawing need to be the one who gives Will what he desires. He can feel himself leaking between his legs, beads of fluid slipping down his cock and inner thighs. He can feel the slightly sticky precum slicking his skin as he shifts to recross his legs.

Will suddenly stares directly at him, his ocean eyes flaring with desire and determination as he stands and begins walking towards him. Hannibal stiffens as he approaches, excitement

and nervousness fighting for dominance, the slight tickle of potential embarrassment sits at the back of his mind.

Will stops directly in front of him, their shoes almost touching, Hannibal's breath catches in his throat as Will looks down at him. He feels trapped beneath his gaze, quite enamoured by the sudden dominance in Will's posture.

"Uncross your legs, Doctor."

"Will, why…"

"Now, Hannibal."

At Will's firm tone Hannibal shivers and swallows any questions, he is usually the dominant partner but he can't deny that this assertive side of Will is beautiful and incredibly attractive.

Slowly he lowers his leg so both his feet are on the floor, but keeps them tightly shut, still trying to disguise the bugle in his trousers.

Will forcibly pushes his toe between Hannibal's feet, "Spread your legs, Doctor."

Hannibal quivers lightly as he obeys, his cock is dripping wet now, the commanding tone of Will's voice setting a fire beneath his skin.

Will smirks as he looks at the space between Hannibal's thighs and he knows what the younger man sees, "That's quite the mess you've made, Dr Lecter."

Will moves forward, brazen in a way Hannibal has never seen, and straddles one of Hannibal's thighs. A knee between his legs to keep them spread, his hands against the back of the chair, his arms caging Hannibal in.

"Did you think I didn't notice?" Hannibal tilts his head up to look at Will with a little surprise, he thought he has done well to conceal his condition. "You were so distracted looking at my ass and hands that you failed to notice where I was looking."

Hannibal feels his chest tighten with awe and lust, oh this cunning, beautiful boy. Hannibal can never predict him and once again has been caught off guard. He feels the wet patch on his trousers grow as his cock weeps precum as he sits trapped beneath the gorgeous creature above him.

His breath hitches as Will strokes a firm hand down his chest, Hannibal hisses as he rubs over a perked nipple, licking his lips as he watches Will smirk at his reaction. Will caresses over his stomach and he cannot help the moan that spills from his lips as Will cups his hand over his cock, pressing down lightly.

"You're so hard, Dr Lecter, it's not healthy to bottle up your desires." Will croons as his long fingers deftly unbuckle his belt and trousers.

Hannibal throws his head back as Will's fingers wrap around his cock, gently releasing him from his underwear. He grunts low in his throat as Will holds him lightly, a teasing touch that

lights up his nerves.

"Look how wet you are, Doctor. Do you always leak so much?"

Hannibal looks up at Will and feels a rush of lust, those storm blue eyes are blown with arousal and desire. "I have a very active Cowper's gland, but I must admit that this is excessive even for me."

Will groans at his statement, licking his lips and tightening his hold on Hannibal's cock. "Do I make you wet, Doctor?"

Hannibal moans at the filthy words falling from Will's mouth, "Yes, Will."

Will curses at his reply and begins stroking his cock, long, slow pulls and twists of his wrist. Hannibal bucks up and moans as Will rubs his thumb over his slit, then starts stroking his cock in a steadily increasing pace. Hannibal whines and arches into Will's touch, he knows he is going to come soon, so turned on by Will's words and actions, the touch of his hand and heat of his body.

Will leans down and pants over Hannibal's ear, "Come for me."

And he does. He snarls as his back arches, cum spilling over his and Will's clothes, coating Will's fingers. He trembles lightly as Will strokes him through his orgasm, he keens as the feeling of ecstasy drags on almost painfully, his body alight with exquisite pain pricked pleasure. He sighs and his body relaxes when Will finally releases him, he opens his eyes, unsure exactly when they closed, and groans as he is greeted by the sight of Will licking Hannibal's cum from his fingers while frantically unbuttoning his slacks. Hannibal moves to help, eager to get his hands on Will.

"No." The short, sharp command halts him and he lowers his hands to rest on the chair arms once more.

He can't take his eyes off Will as the younger man pushes down his trousers just enough to release his cock, and what a beautiful cock it is. Flushed pretty pink, the tip glistening with pearls of precum and gorgeously thick, Hannibal shifts his hips as the desire to have Will fuck him flickers in his gut.

"Watch." Will growls at him as he begins stroking his cock with his hand that is dripping wet with Hannibal's own ejaculate.

Hannibal bites his lip but can't quite stifle the groan at the back of his throat as he watches Will fuck his own hand, using Hannibal's cum as lube. Hannibal leans up a little as Will bows his head, pressing their foreheads together so he can feel Will's heat as arousal boils beneath his skin.

Hannibal has never seen anything more arousing in his life than the sight of Will's face contorting in pleasure as he reaches orgasm. Hannibal can't help the lustful sound he makes as Will's cum splashes on his skin, coating his half hard cock, their combined release making an absolute mess of Hannibal's lower stomach.

Hannibal reaches up and grabs Will's waist as the man shudders with the aftershocks of his orgasm, desperate to finally touch and keep Will close. Will simply opens his eyes and looks at him, their foreheads still resting together.

"We've made a mess of you, Dr Lecter."

Hannibal loves the teasing tone of Will's voice, his mirth is contagious, "Indeed, we have."

"Seems you'll have to throw out another pair of underwear." Will chuckles.

The cheeky brat. "Then perhaps for our next session I should forgo underwear all together." Hannibal smirks as Will groans at his words.

Perhaps his lapse in control isn't such a bad thing after all.

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